EDITH VERNE.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

Beautiful, dark-eyed Edith Verne,
Well I remember the time we met;
It took but a glance for me to learn
What it took me many years to forget.

I feel even now the touch of your hand,
The turn of your head, the glance of your eye,
As I placed on your finger the golden band
That bound you to me by love's sweet tie.

Hair that was golden is silvered with gray,
Since that time in worship I knelt at your feet,
In the years that forever have passed away,
Earth has held no happiness half so sweet.

You never loved me, I know, and yet
You let me think so; I had no fears.
Did you think it easy for man to forget—
Drown, as a woman, his sorrow in tears?

I trust you are happy, fair Edith Verne,
I wish for you always a glad to-morrow;
But, oh, my darling, had you been true,
My life would not have been one of sorrow.

Lost Lina;

—OR,—

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

A Tale of Two Continents.

BY MRS. NINA LAWSON.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED]

"Oh! It is you, Gertana? I am so glad."

"You naughty little girl! Why aren't you dressed, ready to go down stairs with me? We have company for dinner—two gentlemen friends of Sylvester's."

As she spoke, there was a merry twinkle in her sparkling eyes.

"Well, Gertana, under the circumstances I am really glad that I did not go down. In fact, I did not feel like dressing, or I should have done so.

"His sudden return has considerably unstrung my nerves. A prisoner, you know, ought not to be present at a dinner party, but if that hateful man expects me, please make my excuses."

"All right, Lenora, I understand you; but promise me that you will not leave the house to-night or at any other time without my knowledge."

"I promise you, Gertana."

"Good. Good-night, Lenora."

She then left the room and returned to the parlors below just as the bell rang for dinner.

And such a dinner. Fit for a king! It lasted long, and the courses were many, followed by wines and creams. The chief topic was the prospective dinner-party.

Finally the dinner was over, and the little party returned to the parlors. After some music, and expressed regrets that the cousin was too ill to yet join the family, the two friends took an early departure.

"Gertana, I must necessarily leave the city early in the morning, and fear that I shall be detained, perhaps, three or more weeks at the least. There are a few favors I wish to ask of you, and as I am quite sure you will grant them I will not ask you whether you will or not. I shall take it for granted that you will."

"If it lies within my power, Sylvester, I will."

"It does; it is this: I want you to watch Lenora and not let her escape. I think you have more influence over her than I, and now, promise me that she will be here and well, as she now is, when I return."

"You are asking considerable of me, Sylvester, considering that I have neither the power nor desire to capture or release, but I will do my best to keep her here. I think it would be folly for her at present to try to escape, as closely as she is watched. She will be here when you return."

"Thanks, Gertana; you are both brave and beautiful, and have relieved me very much."

"Very well. I simply intend to do my duty."

Fortunately for the two unhappy ladies Sylvester did not know what she meant by "her duty."

"I have a few letters to write, also some packing to do, and probably will not see you again until I return, for I take a very early train; so, good-by and good-night."

Noll went to the library and Gertana retired to her room.

CHAPTER XI.

As Noll entered the library he flung himself in a large easy chair, where he remained for hours, resting his head on his hands and his elbows on his knees. This was his favorite position when in deep thought, or laying some desperate plans. He sat there motionless, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but finally he leaned back against the back of the chair, with the air of one who had decided what to do.

"And it is this that I shall carry out, so help me my Maker. I will start for Milwaukee in the morning, and if nothing happens I shall have a few thousand dollars more in my purse. I shall be back by the time the Springfield affair comes off, and I expect to add a few thousands more to my pile from that. Then, thank heavens, I will bid farewell to this life I have led for years past, and I will take my money and that beautiful girl, with the papers that will secure me an immense fortune, besides what I have.

"Ah, I will take her in some way, by force, if none other, and go far, far away in unknown lands, where I can rest in peace and enjoy myself the rest of my life.

"Yes, yes, Lenora Churchill, in less than six months you shall be my wife, and the wife of the richest man of all England.

"As for you, Gertana, you may go where you choose—back to your old home, and stay there, since you were so foolish to leave it once, and for me!

"Yes, poor foolish girl, I cared not a farthing for you, and since your miserly old parents would not play fair, they may have you back. You may go. I shall go. Oh! happy thought! my sweet dreams shall then be real."

Noll seemed to have been carried away from his present surroundings by these thoughts, for when the dream of years died away that he so soon expected to realize, he gazed round the room in a strange, wandering manner.

"Ah! one o'clock! I shall just have time to pack and catch a few hours' sleep. I feel as if I needed it, for I scarcely slept an hour last night.

* * * * *

The night of November 5 found Noll in Milwaukee. He had met T. A. B. and found that there was full three weeks' work to be done there before he would be able to return to Chicago.

The most of this time was spent in planning and spying about the city and investigating the affairs of moneyed men.

The unfortunate victim of these desperate men happened to be an old miser. Everything was carefully planned, and at the end of the three weeks Noll returned to Chicago with twenty thousand dollars in his pocket, while that miserable old miser was left alone in the world penniless, to wander from place to place, leading a more miserable life than when hugging his gold.

"Who could have robbed the old miser?" That was a mystery to everyone.

While Noll was in Milwaukee, planning and investigating, Gertana Girindani and other foes were constantly weaving the web closer and closer that would, sooner or later, expose the villain and thwart him in his plans.

The Italian was very busy all the while, preparing for the grand party that was to be given about the time Noll would return. She was not planning for the party alone, but other things of more importance to herself and the beautiful Lenora, whom she had vowed to shield.

Strange, indeed, yet true, that at that very date three different parties were planning to steal away the beautiful Lenora, all prompted by different motives.

Gertana's keen woman's wit had been equal to that of the leader of different bands of desperate thieves. She had been looked upon as mistress of the cottage until Lenora's arrival, and then the servants called the new lady mistress only because Noll had ordered them to do so. However, if Gertana was not mistress longer, she did as she pleased, and the servants obeyed her as of old. This was exceedingly fortunate for her, as it assisted her in carrying out her plans more successfully.

Before Noll left Gertana watched him closely, and was positive that he had not taken the mysterious papers with him, but had left them in the drawer in which she saw him place them after he had read them. She therefore was determined to possess them.

"Henry, I want the key to your master's room. There is a little work in there on mystery that I want to get."

The servant was good and obedient, but his education had been sadly neglected, and, unfortunately for him, he could not read a word. Noll had engaged him, with this defect in view. Under the circumstances, there could be no risk of this servant reading and revealing any of Noll's secrets to the world.

"All right, madam, here is the key."

She took it and hastened to Noll's room, where she found the key in his vest pocket.

"O, precious heavens, you are on my side, and right will conquer wrong! That poor, innocent girl shall not be further wronged by him who has so cruelly persecuted me."

She tore open the seals as quietly and carefully as Noll had done and then read the papers through from beginning to end. As she finished, she shoved back the chair from the desk and sat there with folded hands, while such a strange, foreign look lighted up her dark, beautiful eyes.

"O, how freely would I now give my life to undo the past; but no, that is beyond my power. If I could only be back to the lands of my happy childhood—be back at my happy home, where all was love, purity, and no unfathomable mysteries.

"O, God, I pray you to open my eyes, to let me know all; yes, all, that I may be able to fathom this great, horrible mystery that surrounds that beautiful, injured child.

"Ah, she is only a child, but sixteen. Yet sometimes she displays more tact and womanly wisdom than many much older than she.

"As she sits there in her room, her great beautiful eyes gazing as if they were searching for something hidden in the far past, for something that they alone cannot find.

"Oh, you great lone beauty, I believe you fancy that there is something buried too far back for you to remember!

"Motherless, and perhaps fatherless, she is like a little beautiful white lily just budded, that had been dropped by by some fairy hand on the waters of the deep, blue ocean. She drifted, she rose, she fell, as the gentle or fierce winds carried her on. Some kind, gentle-hearted person, an admirer of beauty and nature, caught up the little drifting lily and cared for it; she has now grown almost to womanhood, and knows not who she is or what awaits her in the future.

"Mine has been a mysterious, unpleasant life, and yet, when I think how much greater, how perfectly wonderful all is that surrounds her, I am lost."

As Gertana's thoughts ran on the tears freely flowed from her now sad and beautiful eyes. She still remained in deep thought.

"It is strange to me that Sylvester could be so cruel and wind the threads of mystery still closer about Lenora. Why does he not unravel this hated snarl and place her where she belongs, for I am positive that he knows all about her.

"I see now part of the duty that lies before me. Three years more Lenora will be compelled to live without the knowledge of her real name and birth. My duty, then, is to protect her until that time, and I will do all within my power to shield her.

"Sylvester Noll shall never see these papers again."

She then placed within the wrapper blank papers, and kept in her own room the stolen ones. The little key was placed in the pocket where Gertana found it, and the large one returned to Henry.

Everything was all right at the Noll cottage, and in a few days was the day set for the party.

Noll had been detained a little longer than he expected at Milwaukee, but would be at home in time for the grand affair.

Gertana had forgotten nothing. Cards had been sent out, and the flowers had been ordered to decorate the beautiful cottage.

Since she had read these papers it seemed that she could not do enough for Lenora. By careful perseverance and promising Lenora that she should not be annoyed, and that she would always be her friend, she succeeded in getting the fair prisoner to promise to go down stairs the night of the party and play the part of "cousin."

Before Gertana could get that promise she was compelled to give one. Of course, we can all imagine what the promise was, for nothing but freedom would have persuaded Lenora to have played so wrong a part. Her tortured, troubled mind was bent upon escape, and in her eagerness to be free she would almost have sold her pure, untarnished name. Yes; why should she not, for nothing under the blue heavens could be more injurious to a woman's world (her pure name) than to remain in the presence of that evil man, as Lenora was then compelled to do. Fortunately for her, fate had ordained that she should remain in that unwholesome atmosphere but a little longer.

Gertana knew nothing of the plans that were being laid to separate her forever, perhaps, from the fair prisoner that she had become so fondly attached to.

Securely and closely were the threads being drawn and woven about the pretty cottage and its master that would change the course of life entirely for the two fair inmates.

Gertana had ordered dresses from Paris for herself and Lenora, the cottage was being decorated with the richest flowers and tapestry that could be found.

Nothing was forgotten and nothing could be more beautiful than the rooms and halls of the cottage on the evening of the party.

As Lenora and Gertana were being dressed a closed carriage was hastily driven up at the gate and Sylvester Noll lightly sprang from it and entered the house.

He called his servant and found that he had but just time to dress before the company would arrive.

Captain Hetes and lady, Hon. Willis Dowe and daughter were the first to arrive, and Gertana and Sylvester were ready to receive them.

It was but a short time until the rooms were filled with rich perfumes and fine splendor.

As yet no one had seen Lenora, and a few of the young gentlemen began to cast anxious glances at the different doors in hopes that it might be the fair cousin that they had heard so much about. Even the ladies appeared a little uneasy and anxious at times,

Lenora was coming, but oh, how she dreaded to go down stairs no one ever knew. Had it not been for her promise to Gertana she would have flung herself out of the window and taken the consequences.

"Oh, Father, why am I thus persecuted? Why could I not have died in infancy, and then I would not have been compelled to face this, that is more than death?"

With clenched hands and firmly set teeth she left her room and went down stairs; the hall door was open and she could see the twinkling stars in the dark heavens.

"Ah! Dare I free myself and flee from this hated place? The door is open again and no one is near. Oh, why am I so tempted and my weary soul so tossed about? Were it not for my promise, my word of honor, I should go and be at rest soon."

She had stepped to the door; one tiny foot was placed on the second step and her hands were tightly pressed to her heart, as if to check its heavy beating.

The cool breeze tossed about the gold, silken curls and played about the white, soft, bare arms and shoulders.

As she stood there so sorely tempted, the library door was opened and Gertana came into the hall.

She saw Lenora standing in the door, looking so strangely out in the dusk, and fearing the temptation was most too great, she gently laid her hand on the little white arm.

"Lenora, I hope you will keep your word. I have all the confidence in the world in you."

The "tempted but true" one turned round with a quick start, but when she saw that it was Gertana, looking so radiant in her cream brocade velvet and diamonds, she smiled a sweet-pleasing smile of welcome.

"Ah, Gertana, 'tis you! But you cannot imagine what a great temptation it was for me to break my word. Had I not considered it my honor, I should have improved the golden opportunity and would have soon been at rest forever."

"I trust you, Lenora. Come with me now into the parlor, for they are all anxious to see you. Try to appear pleasant and pleased."

"It will be so hard, Gertana."

"I know it, but, try for my sake."

"I will, my dear, faithful friend."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUGH MCCULLOUGH, the former Secretary of the Treasury and great financier, has bidden defiance to the assaults of time with a starchiness that is remarkable. He was eighty years old on his last birthday, and is still hale and vigorous. He is fond of equestrian exercise, riding daily when the weather is fine between his place at Bladensburg, of traditionary dueling fame, and Washington. He takes active interest in matters financial and economic, and writes frequent essays on these subjects, the scope of which goes to prove that his mental vigor is unimpaired. He alternates his time happily between literary and intellectual pursuits, owning a nice small farm, which he keeps in a high state of cultivation, by the most approved scientific methods. While Mr. McCullough is by no means handsome, he has good eyes and a bluff, open, kindly countenance.

ANDREW LARSON, the captain of the schooner Mary Anderson, has arrived in San Francisco with one finger less than he sailed with. While fishing one day on one of the southern islands he ran across a lot of abalones on some dry rocks. In attempting to pick one off he put his little finger under the shell, when the animal closed on it, making him a prisoner. The tide began to rise, and the gallant captain still found himself held fast, notwithstanding that he had broken all the blades of his knife save one in trying to pry open the shell. When the tide went above his waist he concluded that it was better to lose a finger than be drowned, and so with the remaining blade of his knife he cut his little finger off.

A GEORGIA editor has an old Confederate shoe, manufactured for the government in 1864, just before the war ended. The sole is fully three-quarters of an inch thick, and is made of poplar wood, evidently shaped with a hatchet or drawing knife. The upper is attached to the sole with a strip of rawhide, running entirely around the shoe the leather being held to the sole with large carpet tacks. The upper is of rough cowhide, dressed only on the inside.

SEA SIGNALS.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF WARNING MARINERS

The Uncanny Bell Buoys and the Whistling Buoys — Land "Spindles" — Shrill Fog Horns Lighthouses.

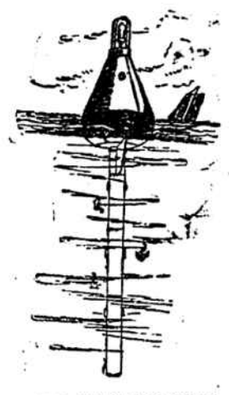
In the marvelous days to come, when men learn the secret of soaring through the air, toward which they are as yet so vainly thriving, it will be a fine thing to go abroad some starry summer night, and, floating over the wide and dark Atlantic, look down upon the watery thoroughfares picked out with the long, dazzling chains of varied lights, and dotted with bobbing red and black buoys by the thousand, all as familiarly known to old mariners as to us are the signs upon our streets. Moreover, if human ears could hear so far, there would come, from hundreds of miles, above the laugh of loons and the boom of breakers, the long weird whistles and the melancholy tolling that are old Father Ocean's unceasing orchestra—the bell buoys and whistling buoys that rock on the waves day and night with their mournful music.

A BELL BUOY.

These buoys are sea-signals of a comparatively modern type, and though a thousand dollars is often expended for a single buoy, they are, of course, less costly than the maintenance of lighthouses and their keepers would be. The buoys are their own sextons, and ring as lustily as if it were the Fourth of July the year round.

The bell-buoys floated in American waters are composed of a simple iron framework tapering upward to a point from the round raft on the water's surface. Up in the apex hangs the bell, and it is a great surprise to one who, sailing by, hears its constant ringing, to be told that it has no tongue. Directly beneath the bell is a grooved iron plate, and in this is a cannon-ball which, running from the centre down any groove to which the swirl of the waves inclines it, brings up with a bang against the edge of the bell.

The advantage of this arrangement over a bell-tongue is plain. The least inclination of the buoy sends the heavy ball resoundingly against the metal, while in calm waters the bell-tongue might not be moved with sufficient force to strike. Then, too, the cannon-ball, sent constantly in all directions outward, gets a uniform wear, while a clapper would wear only on two opposite sides. The link would also soon wear away by the friction.



THE WHISTLING BUOY.

The part of the buoy seen above water is much the smallest portion of it. What seems to be the surface of a round raft on the water's level is the upper part of a great water-tight hull, which floats the framework above. Hanging below this is a big iron ball for ballast; and two great iron chains, hanging from either side of the hull to keep it balanced properly, converge to one down deep in the water, making a delightful submarine swing for the water-babies, if they were to cushion it with a seaweed pillow. Then, last of all, on the ocean bottom is the great stone sinker, which holds the whole thing firmly anchored.

There seems something uncanny in the sight of a bell-buoy, swaying and bowing in solitude in the great plain of heaving waters, and never ceasing its high, sweet, melancholy ringing. One might imagine the mermen had a hand in it.

Then there are the buoys which simply indicate the coast highways and thoroughfares—the glistening black ones, and the long, red spars that look like the claws of some huge lobster off which the sea gods have been dining. Red buoys to port, and black to starboard, or vice versa according to the vessel's direction, and there is the channel marked out to the steersman as plain as if plowed white, like the foamy wake his own vessel leaves behind.

The launching of a buoy is no light matter, when it is considered that the mere sinkers weigh two or three tons, while those for bell and canbuoys are often of five tons' weight. But the stanch little derrick, which is part of the tender's outfit, grasps the iron ring that is bolted through the sinker, and easily swings the great granite block up into the air, and deposits it gently at the vessel's edge, to be levered off by the crew's handspikes, when the buoy is put in place.

There is a huge splashing when this great monster takes his downward plunge, and no doubt there is much astonishment among the finny fry, if not disturbance to their housekeeping arrangements. Then the buoy bobs and jerks frantically for a moment, and, subsiding, becomes one of the many ocean milestones.

Then there are the "spindles"—beacons placed on dry land, and requiring, therefore, less oversight. They are tall iron poles, with a circular framework atop, the whole riveted to the solid rock. Many a weary sea bird finds them welcome perches after blowing adrift for dreary leagues over a storm tossed ocean, unblessed by a sight of rock pinnacle, or even mast of vessel.

There are warnings done in paint—circles and stripes of gleaming white aloft on rocky harbor entrances—which sailors easily recognize as marking the left or right of the entrance, as designated on their charts.

The signals which send out the shrillest warnings across the dark ocean spaces are the fog horns or whistles placed along the coasts where sea fogs gather thickly and stifle not only the light of the friendly lantern, but the tone of the warning bell. These are operated by machinery, and must be seen to be understood. Some are worked by steam, and others, where water is not readily procurable, by the hot air apparatus called the Ericsson caloric engine.

The trumpet, which is the mouth-piece of these signals, is outside the engine-house, and the loud and shrill tone of its whistle is the result of the vibration of a metal reed within it caused by the rush of compressed air forced outward by the action of the machinery. The intervals

A BEACON LIGHT IN A TREE.

of whistling are also regulated by the action of a machine-moved lever pressing against the air-valve and forcing it open every few seconds.

Light-houses are the most numerous of all the signaling arrangements that dot our coasts, and probably few readers who live within sight of the Atlantic or Pacific waters, or the Great Lakes, are familiar with the aspect of the light-house tower. The great barrel-shaped crystal lens, with its rainbow multitude of gleaming prisms, carefully covered through the day and jealously guarded by the keeper from the sullying touch of prying fingers, the queer little lantern-room at the top of the winding light-house stairs, and the wonderful view out seaward from its windows, are sights accessible to long-shored residents. But perhaps many such residents are not familiar with the various kind of light, for not only does the fact of a light being fixed or "flash" determine its location, but so do also the intervals of flashing, the color of the light and its magnitude.

There are fixed red and white, flashing red and white, fixed white with red flashes, double lights, and so on.

The flash-lights are not caused by a revolving lens, as one might suppose, but by a revolving framework around the lens proper, set here and there with red or white panes as the case may be. The light, of course, is only seen when one of these revolving panes passes before it. The flashes can be produced at longer or shorter intervals by adjusting the machinery which regulates the revolving prisms. This is an important matter, since the revolving lights are in part distinguished by the number of seconds in the interval between their flashes.

Lights are known as of the first and second order, and so on, according to the size of the lens, the first being the largest. It is wonderful to see to what perfection these lights have been brought by skill and careful study. The lamp itself, even in a first-order light, is not such a brilliant affair, but the careful arrangement of prisms causes all the rays to be concentrated and reflected to the best possible advantage.

A LIGHTHOUSE "LANTERN."

Another curious arrangement of light is that known as the "sector." One who enters the "lantern" as the little tower room is called, of a light-house having this feature, will see that, in addition to the usual lens which the lantern contains, long and narrow red panes are inserted between the other windows of the room or "lantern." These have a special significance. The lamplight shines steadily red through these, of course, and white through the other panes, making, on the sides upon which they are placed, a long, broad, red pathway across the water. Now this pathway sailors know to be a safe and certain channel, for the particular tower which bears the two red panes has two safe approaches, and with the utmost care the two panes have been set so that the red light may shine directly down them.

These are some of the many ocean guides that beckon to safety or warn of danger. But despite the friendly gleam of numberless lighthouses and the wild and melancholy warning of bell-buoys and fog-signals, many a brave vessel has been ground to fragments on the sharp rocks or sunk silently into ocean abysses; and there must be disaster and shipwreck as long as sailors sail the seas.—*Youth's Companion.*

Poor Little Bird.

Lottie—"Why, Victor, are you not ashamed to kill a poor little bird like that?"

Victor—"Well, you see, cousin, I thought it would do to put on your hat."

Lottie—"Ah! so it would; it is the same shade of grey. How kind of you!"—*Petit Rouennais.*

Agreed With the Magistrate.

Magistrate—"What, sir? you arrived here this morning by the early train, and half an hour later you were arrested for stealing. This is frightful!"

Prisoner (coolly)—"Frightful! I should think it is frightful. Why, I hadn't even time to look round the town."—*Le Gaulois.*

Hailstones as Big as Pumpkins.

Dr. Aug. Mueller, a learned son of Saxony, now residing at Mount Healthy, Ohio, tells of a famous hail storm in his native country, which (but for the doctor's unquestioned veracity) possesses all the ear marks of a Munchausen:

"It was on the 12th of May, 1848, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that a sharp, black cloud suddenly arose in the heavens over my native village, near Weimar, in Saxony, and the terrible thunder warned of a big storm. Pretty soon it began to hail. The lumps were small at first, but they rapidly increased to the size of hen's eggs. The people had all fled to places of safety, and were watching the awful bombardment. All vegetation was beaten flat into the earth and the crops destroyed. But horror seized the people when they saw that the hailstones were increasing, and the roar of the storm was deafening. The hailstones became the size of a teacup, then of a large-sized glass, and great masses of ice fell that were fully as large as the globe of that lamp (which was about five inches in diameter).

"Yes, sir, you may well look amazed, but great lumps of ice fell that weighed six pounds, and these had knuckles upon them two and three inches long, great horned masses of ice they were. Horses and cattle were stricken and mangled in the fields, the roofs of houses were beaten in, scarcely a building escaping. And that is not all. These hailstones, millions of them, fell into the river, and were swept down by the current until the stream became choked at the town of Ortung, and the flood rose into the town and a portion of it was submerged. The condition became so serious that an appeal for public succor was made to the country. People who lived under the shadow of the Hartz Mountains on that May day, in 1848, will never forget that hail storm, and it is one of the current stories of that people to their children and to travelers. That was a hail storm! It was a plague!"—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

No Assistance.

Cholly (meditatively)—"By Jove! I wish I knew what Kitty Keene would say, if I should ask her to marry me."

Holly (with a tone of bitter reminiscence)—"I could tell you what she said to me when I did, if it would help you any, old feilar!"—*Puck.*

A Queer Mouthful.

A correspondent writes to a newspaper in San Francisco: The funniest thing out happened to me on the last passage to Honolulu. We have a patent self-registering log. The register is attached to the taffrail and the propeller is towed astern. We had about three hundred feet of line out. Presently the log line became as taut as a wire stay and there was a terrible flurry near the propeller. I happened to be on deck, and seeing the trouble, ran to the taffrail. What do you think I saw? Why, I'm blamed if a great big blue shark hadn't swallowed the propeller. I called some hands aft and we started to haul in the line. There were seven hands pulling on the line beside myself, and yet we had a hard time pulling the fish in. But we hauled 290 feet of that line in, until the shark was right under our counter. He was quite thirty feet long, and in a terrible rage, lashing the water into foam. We were just beginning to think that we could get him on board, when the line snapped, being bitten through by the shark. Just think of it, however, pulling the shark in 280 feet on a log line, and he did no bite it until within twenty feet of the taffrail! Of course, by losing the shark we also lost our propeller, but it must have been pretty hard to digest and his inside must have been pretty sore from the strain.

The funniest part of the thing was the action of the register. When the weight of the shark got on to the line the blamed register showed a speed of sixty miles an hour, with only a six-knot breeze. Well, sir, when the mate looked at the register first and then at the sails he nearly fainted. It was not for several seconds that he realized there was so much dead weight on the rope.

IT is a question whether there are a hundred persons to-day who know that the author of "The Sweet By-and-by" is living in an obscure Illinois town, and not amid the greatest luxury, either. Tens of thousands, perhaps millions of people, know the hymn; how many ever think of Doctor S. Filmore Bennett, its aged author? The hymn has brought him almost no revenue, and even less fame. Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks is another instance, living in a small interior New York town, compelled to resort to her pen for a living; yet who has not sung her world-famous hymn, "I Need Thee Every Hour?" Prof. Gilmore, of the University of Rochester, rarely receives credit as the author of his well-known lines, "He Leadeth Me." Fanny Crosby, she of hundreds of hymns that are sung every Sunday by thousands of lips, lives in a side street in New York City, almost forgotten. Although blind and helpless, she is happy in the religion which fills her mind and soul.

JAMES HINES took up a "squat claim" in Arkansas. He was warned off, but decided not to go, and he held out for three years. During that time he was shot at thirty-three times, wounded four times, had his cabin set on fire twice, his wife was driven to suicide and his boy ran away, and at last the man grew weary and hanged himself.

ON exhibition at the Third National Bank in Scranton is a check bearing the signature of George Washington. It was drawn just three months and one day before his death.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE HILL.

Sign the pledge, my little man,
Keep it nobly, for you can;
This declare, with help divine:
"Not a drop of beer or wine
E'er shall pass these lips of mine,
Not a drop of rum or gin,
Aye! nor brandy, enter in!"
If you'd reach man's grand estate
You must neither, soon nor late,
Drink what can intoxicate.

Keep your lips, and keep your tongue,
That have Jesus's praises sung,
Free from stain, and free from guile,
Shunning all that can defile,
Singing praises all the while.
Sign the pledge, and in your joy
You will tell another boy,
He will then, with right good-will,
Bring another comrade still;
All three climbing Temperance Hill.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in Temperance Banner.*

A CALIFORNIA JUSTICE.

The Oakland Police Justice who some time ago solemnly went through the ceremony of finding himself $50 for being drunk has been relieved of his judicial duties, but he is still devoted to the bottle. This passion for liquor made him noisy and abusive Sunday night, and he was arrested and thrown into one of the very cells to which he had confined scores of prisoners. This Oakland Dogberry furnishes an awful example of the effects of liquor, but there is nothing impressive in his case because it is so ludicrous.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

ALCOHOL IN THE ARMY

"Is there not a good deal of drinking done by army officers?"

"Undoubtedly; and it is very natural that such should be the case. What are the men to do on lonely frontier posts but drink and play cards? They feel the need of some excitement, and there are scarce any other resources at hand. But the consumption of alcohol in the army is as nothing compared to old times. The officers who drink hard nowadays are mostly of the older set who were in service before the war. In those times it was the fashion in the army to drink hard, play high and be generally rather reckless and wicked. The pace was set by the rich young officers, who took up the profession of arms not for a livelihood but because it was the proper occupation for gentlemen. Many of them would give their salaries to their servants. They kept fast horses and led fast lives generally. Poorer men had to follow suit, and ruin, from cards or drink, or both, was not infrequent. Things have altered since those days. I venture to say that there are more total abstainers in my regiment than are to be found among an equal number of civilians picked at random."—*Washington Star.*

WHISKY AND VICTUALS.

"I have been among the masses," said a noted divine, "and have seen the seed of vice sown—have heard them as they fell, and have watched whether they fell on stony or fruitful soil. They are being sown daily, too, and broadcast, right under the noses of Christians, scarce one of whom sees what is going on. The most prolific field is the lower class boarding house, with its saloon attachment. It is said nearly all members of the lower class in St. Louis drink. The wonder is that there is an exception. Perhaps it never dawned on temperance workers as yet, but it is a fact, that a working man or mechanic can hardly find a hotel boarding house in this city without a saloon under the same roof, or in close connection. Go, for instance, down near the Chouteau Avenue Depot. There are boarding houses where forty and fifty men eat and sleep. While they are neither doing these, nor working, they have only a saloon to while away their time in. A beer drummer comes along and invites everybody up. The proprietor resents it if one of his idle boarders don't 'take something.' Surround a most virtuous young man with such constant pressure, and if he don't go to the dogs in short time, he ought to be given a premium at the Exposition."—*St. Louis Star-Sayings.*

MORTALITY FROM ALCOHOL.

An agent like alcohol, extensively and recklessly used by mankind in all parts of the world, and capable of inducing so many and serious diseases must, of necessity, be the cause of a tremendous mortality, with the usual precedence of many days of utter disablement and disease. The fact is so. It is difficult to calculate the precise mortality from alcohol, because we have never yet fully diagnosed all the evils leading to disease and death which spring from it. For example, up to this time we have not added the mortality due to alcoholic paralysis in the large computations from which our results have been drawn. Some years ago, from the best data I could obtain, I estimated that in England and Wales the annual mortality from alcohol was fifty thousand per annum, an estimate fairly confirmed by other observers, of an important and independent character. Admitting its correctness, this estimate makes the mortality from alcohol to be about one-tenth of the whole mortality—a view which had previously been expressed by the late Dr. Edwin Lankaster, the Coroner for Central Middlesex—and which places alcohol, as one of the causes of mortality, at the head of those causes. This estimate, however, must have been under the mark, since it excluded altogether that fatality which we now know to arise from alcohol paralysis, and excluded also, too rigidly, instances of direct poisoning from alcohol, and all accidents of a fatal kind indirectly due to alcohol. I would not, however, run any risk of being charged with over-statement, and would be content still to place the mortality from alcohol at one-tenth of the whole mortality, in places where the article is consumed in the same proportion as it is in England and Wales at the present time; a proportion fairly representative of alcoholic populations generally.

Connected with the two subjects of the diseases from alcohol and the mortality from it, the question has often been discussed as to the relative amount of sickness presented by abstaining as compared with non-abstaining communities, and as to the relative value of life in the two communities. It has been difficult to get at precise conclusions on these subjects from the two circumstances that in making comparisons the social relationships of the different classes are largely different, and the returns from the registers of death from alcohol have been hitherto imperfect in themselves, and imperfect in the interpretations that have been put upon them. But, judging from the reports of those life assurance companies in which there are two classes of insured—one an abstaining, the other a non-abstaining class—and judging, likewise, from the returns of sickness and mortality of two clubs, one abstaining, the other non-abstaining, existing in the same locality, holding the same social status and made up of the same numbers, it is absolute certain that the rate of mortality and the number of days of sickness present data largely in favor of abstaining communities.

In summary as to the effects of alcohol on the health and life of the human species, on which unfortunately those effects have alone been tried on a large scale, it must be stated on physical grounds, apart altogether from moral considerations, that the effects of alcohol are injurious both to mind and body; that until it has produced an artificial constitution alcohol does nothing that anyone can construe into useful action, and that the establishment of the alcoholic constitution is a false and unnatural policy of human life—a source of weariness, of disease, of premature old age and of excessive and unnecessary mortality.—*The Voice.*

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Alcohol is the poor man's worst enemy the world over.

It requires $90,000 every week to support the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia.

An active old lady of eighty-seven is the competent Treasurer of the W. C. T. U. of North Anson, Me.

The Woman's Lecture Bureau of the W. C. T. U. now has forty-seven speakers on its list. This is the only lecture bureau controled entirely by women.

Peter Iler, the notorious Omaha distiller, is Secretary of a Western land company that absolutely prohibits the sale of liquor on lots controled or sold by the company.

The white-ribbon women of Quincy, Ill., were recently enriched by the present of a valuable lot, situated opposite the Court House, whereon they are to build a home for the W. C. T. U.

The increase in the consumption of beer in Chicago since 1881 has even exceeded the rapid increase in population. In 1881 the sales of beer amounted to 766,866 barrels, while in 1889 they had risen to 1,848,243 barrels.